











Aurora

Published by the
Class of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen

Gobart High School

Gobart -- Indiana

Volume Eight



HOBART HIGH SCHOOL

To Our Parents,

whose devotion has enabled us to complete our High
School Course; and

To Our Friends,

whose encouragement has made possible this publica-
tion, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred
Fifteen, gratefully dedicate this
volume of the Aurora.

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G. H. THOMPSON, Superintendent
B. Sc. 1907, B. Ped. 1913 Valparaiso University
Principal Hobart Township High School 1906-1908
Superintendent Hobart Schools 1908-

Class of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen

Class Motto

"The Past is but the Prelude"

Class Colors

Lavender and Silver

Class Flower

Lavender Sweet Peas

Commencement Program

March	- - - - -	Selected
	FLORENE BANKS, '08	
Chorus—"Carmena"	- - - - -	H. Lane Wilson
	HIGH SCHOOL	
Salutatory	- - - - -	AGNES LENNERTZ
Vocal Solo—"Madrigale"	- - - - -	Chaminade
	MISS ELLWYN ROPER	
Valedictory	- - - - -	ELNORA CARLSON
Spinning Chorus from "The Flying Dutchman"	- - - - -	Wagner
	HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' OCTET	
Address—"Is It Worth While?"	- - - - -	
	DR. JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER	
Presentation of Diplomas	- - - - -	SUPT. G. H. THOMPSON
La Belle Pensee	- - - - -	Erichs
	HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	
	ELNORA CARLSON, '15, ACCOMPANIST	

Class Officers

President, Agnes Lennertz
 Secretary, Marie Scheidt
 Treasurer, Elnora Carlson



ELNORA CARLSON

An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance;
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.



MARIE SCHEIDT

Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.



AGNES LENNERTZ

A charm attends her everywhere,
A sense of beauty.
Care smiles to see her free of care;
The hardest heart loves her unaware.



HELEN SMITH

She came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretense,
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."



HELEN ROSE

She comes the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.



BESS JOHNSON

Her every tone is music's own
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words.



BESSIE OLS

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain.



LYDA FULTON

Give me a faithful heart-likeness to thee,
That each departing day henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done.



MARY THOMPSON

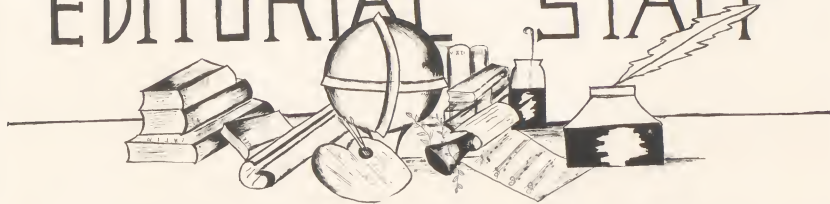
Just being happy is a fine thing to do,
Looking at the bright side rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing is largely in the choosing;
And just being happy is a brave work and true.



FRIEDA NAGEL

And so in grateful interchange
Of teacher and of hearer,
Their lives their true distinctness will keep,
While daily drawing nearer.

EDITORIAL STAFF



EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Elnora Carlson
Business Manager—Commercial	Marie Scheidt
Art	Helen Rose
Social—German	Helen Smith
Literary—Mathematics	Lyda Fulton
History—Civics	Mary Thompson
Music	Bessie Ols
Latin—English	Frieda Nagel
Personals	Bess Johnson
Science—Manual Arts	Agnes Lennertz

EDITORIAL

We, the class of 1915, submit the eighth volume of the Aurora for your perusal. We have worked faithfully to publish it and it is our earnest hope that the jokes and school events recorded herein may serve as a pleasant remembrance of school days.

We desire to thank the faculty for their kind assistance and the advertisers who have in a large measure made possible this edition and hope that the advertisements will be read with interest.

We ask you to kindly bear in mind that this is our first attempt at journalism, and we hope that this book will meet with the same consideration accorded previous volumes of the Aurora.

SALUTATORY



IND Parents, Classmates, and Friends:

It affords me great pleasure to welcome you to the Commencement of the Class of 1915. We have longed with joyful hearts for this eventful night, when we, as graduates, could meet the pleasant faces of our friends. Now that the time has come, sorrow steals across us. We think we have worked bravely and faithfully during the past four years and now having reached one goal, will launch forth into a wider realm, seeking to attain a higher goal.

Tonight we stand upon the threshold ready for whatever fate has prepared for us. Realizing the truth of our motto, "The Past is but the Prelude," each individual will be eager for a new career, according to her past education. Commencement does not mean that we have completed our work, but rather that we are to begin anew, with strengthened enthusiasm. Most High School students when asked what they intend doing after they leave school, have to say they do not know. Not so with the Class of 1915. Since we first set foot in the Hobart High School, the thought has always been foremost in our minds, to prepare at once for our future career.

The work we have done was not mere child's play, but it required effort and perseverance. Men like Milton, Tennyson and Lincoln did not become famous in one day, nor in one year, but it took many years of earnest work. Although many times we were discouraged, perhaps over minor things, yet we did not give up in despair, but rather strove on, realizing that the future contained higher rocks to climb. For this we must especially thank our parents and teachers. The parents for pro-

viding means for giving us an education, and our teachers who encouraged us in all our tribulations. It was they who helped us surmount the greatest difficulties, never tiring nor ceasing in their efforts.

As the curtain drops upon our past and the veil of the future is raised, a banner bearing the memorable words of our motto, "The Past is but the Prelude," looms brighter than all, and it is our sincere hope and wish that this truth shall never be forgotten by any member of 1915. Now let our farewell be another welcome to one and all.

AGNES LENNERTZ.

DUTY

"Stern Law-Giver! Yet thou dost wear

The Godhead's most benignant grace."—Wordsworth.



WE ARE taught to believe that the **nature** of man is **freedom**. Then wherefore laws? Duty imposes laws—biological, physiological, sociological, and psychological. To violate these laws is to hinder development, and development has perfect freedom as its final goal.

This freedom is not anarchism in the social order, not atheism and skepticism in thought, not license in morals. It is rather an ideal development, a serenity of mind, an untroubled purpose which betokens that we have conquered desire—made the desire our own so that now there is no distracting impulse and we are **free**.

Selfishness is eliminated and the altruistic man is evolved, cheerfully obedient. His thoughts are in harmony with truth, he appreciates the beautiful, his actions are upright before God.

G. H. THOMPSON.

IN MEMORIAM

CARRIE BANKS

February 8, 1872---September 24, 1914

First Graduate of Hobart High School

Class of 1889

Mamie Jory	'91	Edwin Gordon	'96
Howard Gordon	'93	Bernard Peterson	'99
Ida Lutz	'94	Howard Halsted	'07
Hugh Thompson	'95	Theresa G. (Butts) Halliday . .	'09



SPENCER G. STOLTZ
Science and History

CHEMISTRY



IN OUR Freshman year, Botany is taken up and as Sophomores, science is omitted altogether from our course of study. When we enter the Junior year, the privilege is given us of either taking Physics or waiting until the Senior year to take Chemistry. This year our Chemistry class consists of eight girls, who certainly are master hands at science.

We began this study by depositing fifty cents, in case something gets broken. Our first introduction to the secrets of Chemistry was to molecules and atoms. It took some time to distinguish them but I think now we would all recognize them, should be see them floating in the air. Laboratory work loomed brightly before us, so we were an eager crowd when we went down to the laboratory for the first time. We waited breathless for an explosion, but all in vain. This proved the fact that we were careful workers.

When "Sodium" was taken up we were warned against its explosive power. Everything was progressing smoothly, when suddenly Agnes was knocked to the floor. We searched for the cause of the explosion, but finding no other reason, came to the conclusion that her imagination had been playing with her. A few months later, Mr. Stoltz attempted to demolish the schoolhouse and its contents (himself included) by spilling bromine. His attempt was unsuccessful, but I hardly think he will try it again as it did not prove to be funny in the end.


Another joyful event was the day we generated hydrogen sulphide. Owing to the teacher's absence from the room, we decided to play a joke on the High School, and the door was opened, allowing the sweet odor to pass to the upper regions. Everybody who went through the hall was entirely disgusted with the Chemistry class.

Now the laboratory apparatus soon becomes disarranged, so we girls turned scrub-women and gave it a general overhauling. We were rewarded by being allowed to test some candy donated by Mr. Thompson, proprietor of the "Ten Cent Store." I assure you, there was little to test after it had been sampled.

Since we have passed successfully through hydrogen, oxygen, sodium, hydrogen sulphide, and various other chemicals, we are looking eagerly forward to when our fifty cents shall be returned, as nothing was broken except test-tubes, wide-mouthed bottles, Erlenmyer flasks, thistle-tubes, etc. This lack of breakage and our success in every way is due to the kindness and careful guidance of Mr. Stoltz, through all this delicate work, and it is to him, we are sincerely grateful.

AGNES LENNERTZ.

PHYSICS

IX pupils made up the Physics class at the beginning of the term, but only four of us are continuing the subject. The four of us making up the Physics class includes all the Junior boys. We have, to our notion, selected a very interesting and profitable subject under the guidance of Mr. Stoltz.

Physics brought us back to many of our old acquaintances and gave us a better knowledge of what they were and to what advantage we could be able to use them. Among the different subjects studied in the term, the most interesting one was electricity. We studied conductors and non-conductors, and desiring to know whether or not we were conductors or non-conductors, we performed an experiment on Raymond in the "lab," and by his actions, and the description of the results he got from the electrical machine, we concluded that we were very good conductors.

We enjoyed our laboratory experiments very much

but Oh, my, when we got about six or seven experiments behind in our note books, or when an unexpected test was sprung on us, we thought we were non-conductors. But as a whole we will never regret our experience in the old "lab," or our pleasant instructor, Mr. Stoltz.

PHILIP WALDECK, '16.

HISTORY AND CIVICS



H, THE records and monuments and fragments! Thoughts of these burden our minds, engage our tongues, and drive our pens and pencils over the examination paper. The mysteries of the prehistoric age are as impenetrable as the stone implements that reward the search of the antiquarians. Thus, in our first term of history, do the worn out and extinct civilizations hold us for a time, but not so firmly as

"The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

As Juniors, we study the rise of world-empires and the inroads of the barbarians. This is made interesting by the study of individual generals and statesmen whose lives are set forth in our historical library.

Modern history is more definite, for in this we trace the development of the nations that divide the earth today. Their struggles during the later centuries seem gigantic, but not any conflict of all the past ages approaches the present devastating "Great War."

However the struggles of the past enabled the people to attain more liberty. Let us hope that the present war may have the same result.

In studying the history of our own country we have reviewed the work done in the grade schools, and this review taken in connection with the study of Civics has given us a better understanding of our civilization and institutions. We appreciate more the advantages we enjoy living under a democratic government, and we realize that a knowledge of the past is the greatest factor in enabling us to think and act intelligently on the questions that confront our citizens today.

For two years Mr. Stoltz has led us through the changing scenes of human progress. He has helped us interpret the great events of history, and we thank him for his patience and kindness.

MARY THOMPSON.



JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER

A. M., D. D., PH. D., LL. D.

Chicago, Illinois, May 12, 1915.

* * * * *

A few months ago I was asked to write a poem for the Golden Wedding of two very rich and otherwise prominent "angels". I did so, and it was read at their palatial residence---with *eclat*, dare I say?---and was asked for by the Century Magazine, to which it will finally go. As yet, however, it has not been printed save in the Los Angeles papers---I holding it back for certain changes in it I am debating in my own mind.

But if you can use it I will gladly permit you to do so.

* * * * *

The "copy" I am mailing you is the identical manuscript used at Los Angeles.

Yours always for the best things,

JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER

THE LOVE THAT NEVER FAILED

by

JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER

To Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Watson
Los Angeles, California

I

The Age of Augustan was the Age of Gold,
When Rome hailed Caesar, and he ruled alone;
War-god was he, and Potentate of all
The World. Proud kings did homage at his Throne.
All-conq'ring Rome! Earth's lurid Jove! And yet
That lustrous time, those larum days, all pale
Before *this* day, *Augusta's own, and His,
As fifty years of wedded love we hail.

II

The Rome of Caesar's day has fled; the throngs
That lauded long and loud have crossed the Styx;
World-awing statesmen, warriors, poets--some
Were deified! Ah, who one pyre can fix?
Empurpled dreams, musk-laden fancies--Rome!
Enchanted papal city, never stale!
But more idyllic still, as sun to star--
The love that never failed--which now we hail.

III

Such love gives hint of Immortality.
A love excelling Passion's lure, and Eyes
That laugh their vict'ry in the face of Youth--
A love that Time, and Life, and Death defies.
These fifty years of rare fidelity
Renew our weakened faith in God and Man;
And pledge e'en Heav'n itself to fail us not
In Life's eternity beyond Time's span.

IV

Time-Honored friends of mine, Oh may your days--
God's jewels on His Rosary of Time--
Be multiplied beyond Faith's Raptured dreams!
Be every hour apocalysped: sublime
With all the splendors of your youth-time love--
With all the ardor of your noon-time zest--
Like wine, your love still beading year by year,
Each month, each week, each day, the very best!

V

Lift high our beakers, then, and drink in wine
Of California, or in Nature's own
Refreshing bev'rage, *aqua*, best of all!
While hon'ring ***angels* of a clime flow'r-strewn.
May all their years be golden! All their moons
Sweet honeymoons! And when, at last, a-pace
The shadows fall, and Love bereft shall weep,
May *they* behold their Heavenly Father's face!

* Mrs. Watson's name.

** Citizens of Los Angeles are "angels."



EUNICE ROPER
German and English

GERMAN

THE regular inter-state course is taken up during the four years' study in High School. The Freshman mastering grammar and composition, the Sophomores translating several classics and still more composition, the Juniors and Seniors acting plays and studying Lessing's "Minna von Barnheim."

There has been a new line of work taken up along with the regular course. The Freshmen last year gave

a "Koffee Klotch," and invited their parents and friends and entertained them by telling "German Stories Retold" and serving coffee and "Koffee-Kuehen." The Sophomores this year also gave a "Klotch" and presented "Immensee" very creditably.

The Juniors and Seniors are working on the play "Eigensinn" which they hope to present soon.

HELEN SMITH.

LATIN



LATIN has been a great pleasure to us through our high school career. While Freshmen we enjoyed reading the Roman fables, especially after our struggles with conjugations and declensions.

In the Sophomore year we read Caesar and worked nearly as hard as Caesar's army when they built the bridge. In the Junior year the Seniors joined us and we read the famous orations of Cicero.

The Juniors joined us in our Senior year and we read Virgil Aeneid. We enjoyed the Aeneid very much after the wars of Caesar and the speeches of Cicero against Cataline. The Virgil class felt great sadness over the fate of Dido, but Miss Gilliland made the class happy by giving each one of them a stick of candy bought with a dime which she found in the auditorium.

We find that our minds have been made broader by this subject. Latin, itself will not help every one in their life work, but the training which such a subject gives to the mind will always be beneficial.

FRIEDA NAGEL, '15.



GWENDOLEN GILLILAND
Latin, English and Public Speaking

PUBLIC SPEAKING

MISS Gilliland's public speaking class meets every Thursday and Friday. In this the technical principles of expression have been taken up. Of the twelve members, Elmer Ashley and John Frank were the only boys of the school who gave countenance to this new department. It is to be regretted that more boys did not take the opportunity offered by this course.

However, a great deal of work was given individually among the students.

November 16 the Seniors gave "Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date," one of the richest comedies ever given in the High School. The large cast of characters consisted of the Seniors, assisted by other members of the school. Bassanio's use of a "pony" to pass the examination is one sometimes true to High School life, but what mattered it, just so he won Portia.

In February the High School was divided into eight parts, each representing a High School in "County Make-Believe." Each school sent from one to three contestants to this contest, making in all a class of sixteen, who showed excellent training in the program which continued through two evenings. In Oratory, Franklin Fetterer was awarded first, Will Wollenberg second, Wynne Thompson third. In the humorous class, Agnes Lennertz won first, Thelma Fetterer second, Helen Smith third. In the dramatic first place was given to Bess Johnson, second to Lyda Fulton, third to Lola Barnes. The work of this contest was in preparation for the Preliminary to the County Contest at Gary.

In this contest which took place on March 26, Myrtle Wild ranked first in dramatic reading, Florence Pio second, Agnes Lennertz and Myrtle Neff third. In the orations Elmer Niksch won first, Raymond Wood second, Wynne Thompson third. The prizes were beautiful H. H. S. pins with pearl set. In both contests the following standard of grading was used: Expression, 30%; carriage and gesture, 25%; articulation, 15%; pronunciation, 10%.

Although our contestants did not receive place at

Gary on April 9, they did themselves credit, and we think ought to have been awarded something. At least, we congratulate ourselves on Myrtle's having been given third place by the Lake Forest judge, who was the only one of the three judges who did not send a substitute in his place.

The Senior class will give two plays on May 18, their class night, "The Graduate's Choice" and "The Rivals." All the Seniors will appear in the former, assisted by ten little fairies from the grades. Elnora Carlson stars as the graduate, Helen Rose as Fancy, who is Queen of the Fairies. "The Rivals" is a splendid comedy in which the Seniors and other members of the school will take part.

Miss Gilliland has given most generously of her time to the training of the students in their work, and has aroused much enthusiasm. A much larger number plan to take advantage of the regular class work in this department next year, which will put Hobart in line for winning place in the County contest another year.

LYDA FULTON.

LITERATURE



URING our four years of high school life literature has been a source of great pleasure to us.

When we first entered the high school as Freshmen we took up the study of Rhetoric and Composition under Miss Wood's direction. We learned the figures of speech and wrote short compositions to show the teacher how much we "didn't"

know about it. The books we read were *Ivanhoe*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Sir Roger De Coverly Papers*, and *Washington's Farewell Address*.

We continued our study of rhetoric during our Sophomore year under Miss Frank. We had several debates which added much interest to the English work. We read *Silas Mariner*, *Milton's Minor Poems*, *Macbeth*, and *Macaulay's Essays on Milton*.

When we entered the Junior year we left our Rhetoric Books behind us for unfortunate Sophomores and under the guidance of Mr. Thompson studied English Literature. We were interested by the peculiarity of the words in Chaucer's writing and enjoyed reading selections from the *Canterbury Tales*, but we were glad to return to our present day English where we were certain of the meaning of that which we were reading. We enjoyed reading *The Tale of Two Cities*, *Idylls of the King*, and *Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America*.

With Miss Gilliland as our teacher during our Senior year we finished English Literature and studied American Literature. We read *Hamlet* and *Sesame and Lillies* in class. We read many other books, poems and essays besides and wrote a review of them for class.

The study of literature and reading good books has a strong tendency to develop and broaden the mind. It gives the reader a better command of good English and his mind and life are enriched and his inclination tends to influence him to read good books.

FRIEDA NAGEL.



ALFRED C. EPPS
Mathematics and Manual Training

MATHEMATICS



HE instructors in this department have come and gone, indeed, in mathematical progression.

In September, 1911, we set out on our journey through Algebra under the leadership of Mr. Wiley. By the time we had learned that $a(a-b)=a^2-ab$ we thought we had learned a great deal

of Mathematics. What obstacles we surmounted to attain this superiority, are unknown!

Then the fleeting face of this instructor was erased by that of Mr. Haughtelin, who took up our unfinished task and led us confidently through the Sophomore term of Algebra. The much-feared Plane Geometry, too, became, with him, as clear as noonday to our befuddled brains.

By decree of the Fates, a new film displaced this guide to learning, and again a new teacher came to help us through the mazes of Junior Mathematics. Mr. Quigley patiently steered us through Plane Geometry into Solid, five girls only, venturing this which we found easier of accomplishment than we had dared to dream.

And now, from the proud heights of Seniority have we looked down this year upon this still ever-changing panorama of the Mathematics Department, and lo! we have seen—what?—yes—another new teacher—A. G. Epps—come to take the helm, a stalwart, mighty man—an English Samson—who by his helpful, cheerful personality has endeared himself to all his students, and made warm friends among Hobart patrons. We have seen him guide the timid Freshman A's, the Baby B's, the redoubtable Sophs, and the Juniors, too, by clear and interesting paths to their goal. With many a quip has he whiled the arduous journey, ever ready to explain to the mind not quick of understanding, every ready to serve, he has by his example impressed his ideals upon the life of the students and won a warm place in their memory. The year with him has been both pleasant and profitable.

LYDA FULTON.

MANUAL TRAINING



THE present day of our civilization, the advanced world is making a great demand for trained people. Therefore, since many can not go farther than high school, it has become necessary to establish in high school some forms of training. Of all these, perhaps the most interesting to the boys is manual training. The first few lessons are to show the boys how to use the different tools. Then they learn how to make the various joints. At first, they are watched closely to see that they make no mistakes, but after they can handle the tools quite well, they are permitted to work along freely. To help the boys in this work, the School Board bought a large number of better tools than was already in the shop. They also installed large, strong benches, which were certainly much better than the old ones, which were then placed to one side of the shop and only used occasionally.

When a boy wants to start a new piece of work, he is given a book or pamphlet with that article in it. Then he gets out his mechanical drawing instruments and makes a drawing of it, cross section and all, so that he becomes more familiar with the article which he is going to make. When the drawing is completed, he is given the raw lumber and he gets to work. This year the boys turned out cedar chests, library tables, center tables,

pedestals, piano benches, chairs, Roman seats, porch swings, magazine and book racks, and many smaller articles.

This school term the boys had to turn on the lathe which thing was never permitted them before. They finished many things here, such as cups, mugs, vases, chair legs, candle sticks, base ball bats and mallets. When working on the lathe, the boys had to watch what they were doing, because if they don't the chisel will fly out of their hands, the wood will split into a number of pieces, and there will be a general uproar at the lathe, which has happened more than once before they "got the hang of it," as we would say in slang.

About three months after school started, Mr. Epps told the girls they might come down to manual training and work certain nights in the week, from half-past six to half-past eight. And to tell the truth the girls produced a number of very good articles.

Along with manual training, the boys take mechanical drawing. After half a year of mechanical drawing, they started projection, which was a good deal harder than the former. On the whole, the manual training classes of this year have progressed rapidly. Under the present system the efficient management of Mr. Epps, and his ever ready willingness to help the boys, they certainly derive much benefit from the work.

WILL WOLLENBERG, '17.



WORK OF THE MANUAL TRAINING CLASS



ELLWYN ROPER

Music

MUSIC



HE evolution of music has been steady from early times to Hobart times. The Indians of America with their war whoops progressing from an unmusically high pitch to a low moan, the Greeks and other nations of the Old World with their advance toward our ideal of music, the Puritans with their slow tempo psalm tunes, were all necessary to the growth of this art in their own particular

sphere. Slow were the steps to making it a requirement in the education of a boy or girl, but today it is as much a part of the school curriculum as any other study.

Hobart High School is not behind in this. It is one of the progressive centers in which music has an important place, and the High School Chorus which was organized for the study of the best music is one of which we are justly proud.

One essential of this work is a competent director, and this we have found this year in Miss Ellwyn Roper. We have studied "Toreador," "Sextette from Lucia," "Sweet and Low," "Gloria," and "Carmena" in chorus. The Gloria was worked up with enthusiasm to such a perfection that it won third place for us at the Lake County Contest at Gary this April. We are the more proud of this from the fact that we had to compete with larger schools, many students of which have taken special vocal lessons from professors of music.

A girls' Octet has been organized this year which has presented many beautiful numbers at various programmes.

Miss Roper has been an enthusiastic worker in orchestral music, also, and the Hobart High School Orchestra which she organized has made great progress. At the first of the year a benefit play for the Orchestra, "The Private Tutor," in which Miss Eunice Roper assisted her sister, brought the needed shekels for providing its music. In consequence, the High School has enjoyed on many a program the advantage of its own orchestra.

We have had a successful year of music.

BESSIE OLS.



THE ORCHESTRA



SENA M. BORGER
Domestic Science

DOMESTIC SCIENCE



HIS being the first year that Domestic Science was taught in Hobart School, naturally everyone was eager to be initiated into the art of cooking. In September we had thirty-two girls taking this course, but this number has been increased since Christmas, owing to the entrance of the Freshman B class into High School. When Mr. Epps

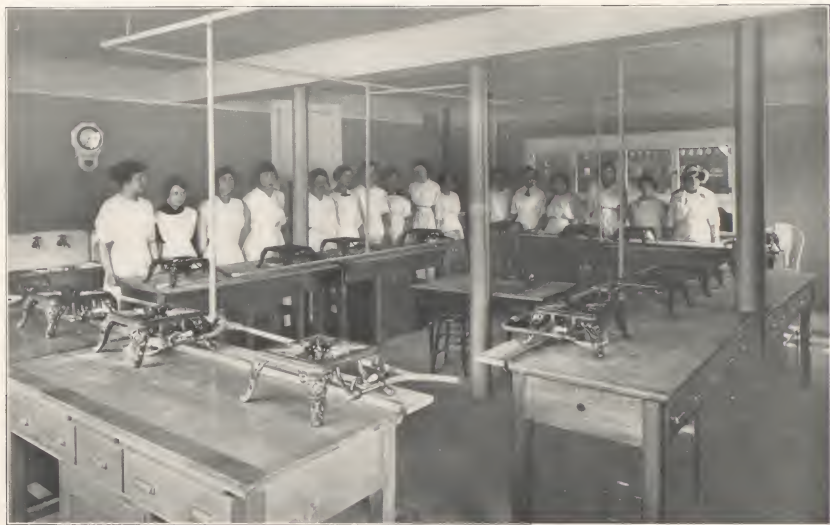
kindly offered to teach the girls Manual Training the boys circulated a petition that they might be allowed to take cooking, but it seems they were sick of their bargain in a short time, and the subject was suddenly dropped.

Some of the pupils were rather nervous about entering the Domestic Science Laboratory because they thought themselves "green" on the subject, but it did not take long before we all were able to boil water without burning it. Besides being taught how to prepare foods for the table, we also study the nutritive value of protieids, carbohydrates and fats. We made a thorough study of meat, each pupil being provided with a cow and a pig.

When the faint odor of the good "eats" reached the upper regions, all tried to win the favor of the Domestic Science girls, but the cooks had no eye for anyone, except the Manual Training boys. Probably the boys Know why. (Ask Will W. about grinding bread crumbs). When we want a new cupboard or an ice-chest we Know where to go.

We felt very proud of our success when we served luncheon to the Faculty. They all seemed to enjoy it and it surely must have looked good for the students all stood around with hungry eyes. Our success in this work is due to the kindness of Miss Borger, and under her careful guidance we all expect to make good cooks for some man in the future, providing we get the chance.

AGNES LENNERTZ.



CLASS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE



EDITH E. SYKES
Commercial

COMMERCIAL



WHEN we were Freshmen and Sophomores, we were so busy trying to find out what X, Y, and Z, stood for, that we did not have time to think of anything in the Commercial line, but at the beginning of our Junior year, after we had mastered the X,—Y,—Z's, we decided to take bookkeeping in Mr. Stoltz's room, but as the desks were small and the room was always littered with cash books, bank

books, etc., we decided to move up into the Library. The sun shone into the Library every afternoon and made the room a very pleasant place to work in. All through the day we looked forward to this last period.

During the last half of our Junior year and all our Senior year, we took shorthand. The funny strokes and dots interested us, and we worked very hard to fathom the "Amenuensis."

We finished the principles of Stenography the first part of the Senior year, and we also started typewriting. During the second semester, we took dictation and read the "Little Violinist." Miss Sykes would dictate letters to us in the shorthand class and we would transcribe them on the typewriter.

The class of 1915 thank Miss Sykes for the patience, kindness, and attention she showed us in teaching us the Commercial Course.

MARIE SCHEIDT.

BOTANY



BOTANY was invented by an old philosopher to torment poor innocent little Freshmen A's. In our book he put many words three or four inches in length which are either Greek or Latin in origin. In spite of their length we have been able, with the help of Superintendent Thompson, to store a few of them in our weary brains.

Many brilliant futures are opened to us in studying Botany. If we take a course in the study of plant structures at some university, we will, after years of toil and study, receive the degree of Doctor of Morphology. Or we may study that which cannot be seen with the naked



G. H. THOMPSON
Botany and English

eye, and receive some other equally lovely degree for our trouble. There still remains the studies of plant diseases, of plant cells, and the distribution of plants upon the earth.

Most plants have roots, those roots grow downward as all good roots should. Some plants have stems and sometimes they have leaves on these stems unless *Phytophthora infestans* or *Peronospora parasitica* has attacked and destroyed them.

A few plants, if not killed, blossom; and others never bloom even if they have not been killed. At times these blossoms form fruit; it all depends on the plant. If it is

a peach blossom, it hardly ever produces a peach; but if it is a thistle, it is sure to have plenty of burrs.

Botany is a very useful study at least to those who intend to be farmers. So the old philosopher really did some good when he invented Botany.

MYRTLE NEEF, '18.

Seniors we stand, firm and steady
Striving for victory, for struggles ready.

Each one prepared to do and to dare,
Endeavoring to overcome every care.

Now must we leave school life behind,
New paths for ourselves we must find.

Issuing forth after twelve years
Into the world of hope and of fears.

On the horizon now Aurora dawns bright,
Our hearts gain courage from its rosy light.

Remembering "The Past is but the Prelude"
Right bravely in the future low aims we'll elude.

Surely each one of us then will derive
Success in the future if only we strive.

ELNORA CARLSON



EMILY E. BRACKEN

Art

ART

"Life without work is guilt, and work without art is brutal."

John Ruskin.



WITH Miss Bracken as our drawing teacher perhaps the first thing we did this year was "Outdoor Sketching." One bright autumn day the class took their drawing-boards, charcoal, finders and other material needed for this work.

We went to a hillside. It was wooded and the leaves were already turning. At the foot of the hill was a

small brook called "Duck Creek." Over this was a railroad bridge. This presented a very pretty picture. The results of this attempt, perhaps the first for the majority of the class, were fairly good. A few were hung in the hall and some in the library.

Designing was next taken up. We started with analysis drawings. Plates were made of the different parts of the plant, such as the arrangement of the petals, shape of the leaves and the location of the seeds. After we had made plates of this sort they were used as a basis for making practical designs in color and black and white. Some could be used for wall paper, book covers, book plates, linoleum, rugs, dress material and many other ways.

Then we started "Decorative Composition." Arrangement placing and balance was the aim. This dealt with the application of some of our color schemes to practical objects as interior decoration. Plates of the interior of rooms were given us. These we decorated, using flat tones. Many were harmonious and effective.

Chalk work was new to us. We had studies of still life including vases, flowers, fruit, books and many things. The hardest part of this work was the mixing and blending of the chalk. Some illustration was done, such as might be put to practical use in magazines. Pictures were made mentally from stories and poems and carried out on paper. Around Hallowe'en we made posters such as might be used to advertise Hallowe'en parties, dances and other social functions. Posters were also made for the plays given. Some of the illustrations such as might be used for headings of the different departments of our work.



WORK OF THE ART CLASS

Within the next month we intend to make several excursions. One of great interest will be to Lincoln Park, where we will sketch the different animals. Other trips will be nearer for landscape studies and out of door pose subjects.

The recognized value of drawing are: 1. It trains the eye to see accurately, the hand to do skillfully, and the judgment to decide unerringly. 2. It cultivates the artistic sense and an appreciation of beauty and symmetry. 3. It cultivates the habit of planning definitely and executing consistently according to well laid plans.

4. It strengthens the powers of observation, perception, comparison, discernment, discrimination and original thought. 5. It teaches us originality, accuracy, harmony of color, balance and application of what we have learned. 6. And lastly it is the universal language—it has the wonderful ability of talking to every nation in its own tongue.

In all I think our time has been both pleasantly and profitably spent on one of the best cultural subjects we have.

MILDRED E. TABBERT, '16.



A HALLOWE'EN REVEL

A HALLOWE'EN REVEL

It was the season when all the witches dance
 And the goblins and ghosts flit along in the gay parade.
 The Juniors, Seniors, the Freshmen and Sophomores
 By invitation of the Faculty kind
 All met together in the High School rooms,
 And masqueraded in many a varied gown
 All curious, tried to discover who was who.
 There were little girls with their locks a-hanging in curls,
 And a Japanese lady so small, so dainty and sweet,
 Little Red Riding Hoods and so many kinds of folks
 That it seemed as if people from all the parts of the world
 Mysteriously now had assembled at this place.
 Indians were there, and a black Negro mammy,

Clowns, Witches, and Goblins capering madly;
 But most hideous to behold were two white ghosts
 That roamed about and did horribly moan and groan.
 After much frolicking, blindfolded we made a journey
 To the underworld inhabited by departed spirits.
 Our guide who led us told us of the horrors coming.
 First through dark rooms, and over desks we stumbled;
 Then downstairs, till we had reached the open air;
 Next down more stairs, that were so perilously narrow,
 That close we did hug the wall to keep from falling.
 Now we had reached the underworld and groaning
 About us we heard the voices of spirits and ghosts.
 Our guide warned us that we were approaching the house of the
 fiends,

Over us we heard the buzzing and flying of bats,
 And hastened further on our terrifying way.
 When through low tunnels we at last had crawled,
 We had reached the house of the ghosts we were assured
 For here the noises and groans were much more audible,
 Many uncanny shapes fluttered weirdly about,
 We were so terrified now, that wildly we fled
 And a cold wet hand reached out and touched our own.
 We knew not whither, becoming entangled in ropes;
 We struggled through them; passed through another tunnel;
 Then faster and faster we fled from the horrifying terrors,
 Until at last our pilot had opened a door
 And told us, rejoice! all our dangers had been passed.
 We stood there trembling, frightened by all our experiences;
 The bandage was removed from off our eyes,
 And lo! before us we saw our dear gymnasium.
 A pleasant sight in truth, here did greet us,
 Cats and witches gaily adorned the walls
 While Jack O'Lanterns shed their ghostly light
 Full on us. And in one corner of the room
 Within her tent, a fortune teller sat.
 Most wise in palmistry and well versed was she
 In sages' lore and the unrolling of the fates,
 Around her gaily we crowded and received
 A bright and brilliant future at her hands.
 After such fun we were arranged into a group
 And a flashlight was taken by which to recall the gay revel.
 A horrible ghostly story next was told to us,
 Three witches then danced around a large, boiling cauldron,
 With incantations most weird and most terrific.
 We now were told to line up for a grand march
 And began ascending stairs and still more stairs,
 Till at last we had reached the auditorium,
 And to the strains of music sweetly playing
 Marched 'round the room and each received a plate
 Upon which a glowing candle had been placed.
 Upon the plate were piled sweets and dainties
 Which proudly any feast might adorn.

Forming a beautiful line glowing with candles
 Back to the gymnasium again we marched.
 Here we toasted marshmallows and all
 Did feast and merry made with games and song.
 At last the time did come when to our homes
 We must depart. And therefore forth we went
 All vowing this occasion to be one
 To be long remembered among our High School Days.

ELNORA CARLSON, '15.

SOCIAL



WE HAVE not always been as few in number and as lacking in masculine gender as we are this year, but nevertheless, we have had a school life which is long to be remembered. When we entered High School we were a large and interesting class but we seem to have diminished in size. The first two years of our career we were not very socially inclined, several parties at the homes of Frieda Nagel, Bessie Ols and Mary Thompson were about the only events.

The big event came last year when we Juniors entertained the Seniors with a banquet at the Hobart House and a dance at the Opera House. We were such a moneyed crowd that the next day after the banquet we took our waitresses and hid ourselves to Cedar Lake in machines. We had one grand and glorious day launch riding, dancing and eating.

The Senior year has been filled with many happy times. First when the faculty entertained so royally with a Hallowe'en party in the gymnasium.

Then on December 24th the Ciceronians had a Christmas entertainment giving up first an interesting program then we drew Christmas presents and last but not least the refreshments.

One moonlight night on January 29th, when the snow was sparkling and walking wasn't crowded (ask Mr. Epps) we were conveyed in bobs to the Chester home where the Latins entertained the rest of the High School very pleasantly by games and dancing.

On Valentine's Eve the Orion Society gave a party to the Ciceronians and the faculty in the gymnasium. The decorations were Hearts and Cupids.

On March 9th, after much secret telephoning we went to the Ols home where the class had been invited to dinner as a surprise on Bessie. We had such a nice time and oh, the eats!

April 8th dawned such a beautiful spring day that the Seniors decided it would be ideal to have Senior day, so, as opportunity knocks but once, we proceeded at one o'clock first to the store to get our supplies and then to Bale's Island and surrounding country. We had a fine time, but we think so much of our school work that we (?) decided to stay after school for a week or more and make up twice the time we missed.

We are looking pleasantly forward to our last two social functions, the Alumni Dinner-Dance to be held May 13th, and the Junior reception.

HELEN SMITH.



ASSEMBLY



NEW feature of this year was the introduction of daily assembly exercises at 10:15 each morning in the Auditorium. These have proven a great success.

At the beginning of the year two literary societies were organized under the general direction of Miss Gilliland with the Faculty as court of final appeal. Marie Scheidt was chosen president of the Ciceronian Literary Society, with Helen Rose, vice-president, Agnes Lennertz, secretary, Myrtle Wild, social chairman, Gladys Snyder, program chairman. The Orion Literary Society elected the following officers: President, Raymond Wood; vice-president, Helen Smith; secretary, Ralph Melin; social chairman, Dora Owens; program chairman, Helen Wild.

Every Friday during the fifteen minute assembly period one of these societies gave a program of three or more numbers, each side performing in turn. We have enjoyed vocal solos, duets, quartets, readings, violin and piano selections.

During the week the Faculty in turn have given many good talks, and besides have presented their pupils in their particular line of work, such as, Miss Gilliland's Freshman A's in "The Necklace" play, in which Hosea Bayor and Myrtle Neef starred; and six of the High School girls in "Six Cups of Chocolate" for the Ciceronian Christmas party. Or again Mr. Stoltz's successful presentation of his Physics boys, who gave splendid talks on scientific subjects.

Among the instructive and interesting talks were the stereopticon lectures on the French revolution by Mr. Thompson and those by Mr. Epps on China, England, and Africa. "The High Cost of Bluffing," by Miss Sykes, accounts of travel by Miss Eunice Roper, "The Habits of Ants" and "Bathing," by Miss Gilliland, vocal solos by Miss Elwyn Roper, music by her orchestra or chorus, Mr. Stoltz's discussions on coal, diamonds, current events, etc., Mr. Thompson on "War," Mr. Epp's cheerful, humorous, instructive talks on coal mining and the like, have been well worth while.

At times Mr. Thiel has entertained us. On McKinley day he gave a splendid address. Among outsiders have been excellent talks by Mrs. Fannie Werner, Mr. Oliver Bullock, several of Mr. Epp's friends from Valparaiso University, Messrs. Ayling and Howard, and others.

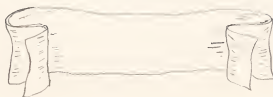
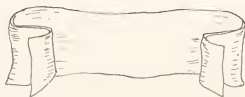
Among the interesting programs by the students, a debate on Woman Suffrage was much enjoyed, in which Elmer Niksch and Herbert Peterson battled against Isabel White and Lyda Fulton, but with no avail.

There has been an exchange of social courtesy between the two societies. At Christmas time the Ciceronians entertained the Orions with a Christmas tree and program.

On Valentine night the Orions handsomely returned this hospitality by entertaining in the "Gym."

The assembly period has been a great success, and adds much to the life of the school.

LYDA FULTON.



CLASS NIGHT PROGRAMME

May 18, 1915

"The Graduate's Choice"

Cast of Characters

Yonth	Elnora Carlson
Fancy	Helen Rose
Purity	Helen Smith
Zeal	Bess Johnson
Charity	Marie Scheidt
Faith	Frieda Nagel
Humility	Frances McAuliffe
Pride	Bessie Ols
Hatred	Mary Thompson
Sloth	Lyda Fulton
Deceit	Myrtle Neef
Greed	Agnes Lennertz
Fairies.....	Elsie Fifield, Lois Tabbert, Grace Steckert, Vera Beltzhoover, Bessie Nitchman, Josephine Thyne, Leona Traeger, Gertrude Freeburg, Helen Brimmer, Margaret LePell.

"The Professor at Home"

"A Musical Skit"

The Professor.....	John Hartnup
The Tax Collector.....	Elmer Niksch
The Prima Donna.....	Lily Keilman
The Domestic.....	Isabel White

"The Rivals"

"A Comedy"

Capt. Absolute.....	Ralph Banks
Sir A. Absolute.....	Will Wollenberg
Bob Acres.....	Elmer Niksch
Sir L. O'Trigger.....	Raymond Wood
David.....	Donald Davis
Lucy	Agnes Lennertz
Julia.....	Marie Scheidt
Fay	Phillip Waldeck
Coachman	Donald Davis
Faulkland	Hosea Baylor
Lydia	Helen Smith
Mrs. Malaprop.....	Bess Johnson
Lydia's Maid.....	Lyda Fulton



THE GRADUATE'S CHOICE

CLASS HISTORY



IN THE fall of nineteen hundred twelve we began our High School career with thirty-three members in our class. As Freshmen we were some time getting accustomed to our new studies and gaining the courage to resist the taunts of other classes. Although we did not have many parties we were quite a lively class, as shown by the number present at the semesters. Twenty-two survived the Freshman year.

Of this, twenty entered as Sophomores. During the Sophomore year we were quite studious and did not give much attention to social duties. This year we lost several more members and our class gradually diminished.

Fourteen of us began our Junior year. At the beginning of the year we elected our class officers. Agnes Lennertz was elected president, Marie Scheidt, secretary, and Elnora Carlson, treasurer.

This year we had many parties and good times, which made up for the other two years. The most looked forward to, of these, was our banquet and dance to the Seniors. Although we worked hard to make it a success, we had many good times together while preparing for it. No one of us will forget the picnic we gave our waitresses at Cedar Lake.

In the spring of our Junior year the boys (probably

afflicted with spring fever) mysteriously dropped out of the class, leaving us a class of girls only.

When we became Seniors we realized we had but one year of school left and decided to make the most of it, which we have done. Our class was organized with the same officers elected as last year. Later on we elected our Editorial Staff for the Aurora.

This year has been mingled with work and play. We have had numerous festivities and frolics, the greatest of which was our Senior day. But besides, we have not shunned our work and have worked with a will to edit the Aurora. Our class was also strongly represented in the Declamatory Contest, when four Seniors carried off the honors.

Now as we leave school much strengthened by our four years of training, we look back with fond memories of our school life and of the pleasant times we have spent together.

ELNORA CARLSON.

ALUMNI

1889

*Carrie Banks

1891

Grace (Rifenburg) Conroy

*Mamie Jory

William Portmess

1892

L. Victor Seydel

Menta (Mander) Williamson

Emily (Ammerman) Alexander

Arthur Roper

Mary (Gordon) Ballentyne

1893

*Howard Gordon

Agnes (Fester) Barnes

1894

*Ida Lutz

Mamie Hancock

Thomas Roper

Hattie (Belt) Wellock

1895

Amanda (Triebs) Robinson

Edward Harney

*Hugh Thompson

Arthur Cook

Floyd Bayor

Robert Roper

1896

Pearle (Banks) Lutz

Clara (Peterson) Foss

*Edwin Gordon

Pearl (Kent) Beltzhoover

1897

Mary Portmess

Daisy (Lambert) Bullock

Norma (Scholler) Samuelson

Laura (Nitchman) Keyes

Ruth Portmess

Mary (Roper) Strong

1898

May Cheney

Teckla (Anderson) Ceander

Luther Roper

1899

Bliss (Roper) Newman

Martha (Harrison) Brown

Myrtle (Banks) Iddings

Charles Blank

1900

Lillian (Blank) Baker

John Johnson

Laura (Johnson) Irish

Jennie (Crockett) Irwin

Joseph Mundell

Clara Peterson

Charlotte (Roper) Young

*Bernard Peterson

Dora (Staufer) Halstead

Esther (Blank) Myers

1901

Joseph Johnson

Mabel (Rowe) Butler

Bessie (Banks) Idle

Albin Hazelgreen

Elia (Nelson) Carlson

Anna (Micheisen) Morton

William Crockett

1902

Vieva Scoffern

Dwight Mackey

Arthur Carnduff

Eather (Nelson) Williams

Philip Roper

Elvira (Larson) Ewing

Ruth (Bullock) Mackey

1903

Alia (Rhodes) Carnduff

Nettie (Londenberg) Dawson

1904

Lena Micheisen

Anne Fleck

Sena Borger

Cort (Ragen) Maybaum

Blanche Quinnell

Bessie Hayward

Howard Carlson

Harte Mundell

Frank Reissig

William Warchus

Ellen Malone

Cora (Saxton) Papke

Paulina (Marquardt) Newman

1905

Floyd Saxton

Elsa Wettengel

Agnes (Carnduff) Knappenberger

Gilbert Bullock

Marie Johnson

Beatrice Quinnell

Charles L. Jahnke

Oliver Bullock
Floyd Scholler
Clara Fleck
Edna (Mundell) Troehler
William Killigrew
Harry Parker

1906

Olga (Neef) Bullock
Eva (Deutsche) Fulton
William Sholl
Ruth Boal
Jennie (Carlson) Quackenbush
Laura (Reissig) Bracken
Henrietta (Gibson) Groves
Gladys (Henderson) Parker
Laura Lennertz

1907

*Howard Halsted
Genevieve Gibson
Agnes Williams
Lily (Jahnke) Milling
Lea (Scholler) Oakes
Amanda (Bullock) Carr
Eunice Roper
Eric Carlson
Cecil Peterson
Esther Boal
Eva (Odell) Diedle
Ethel Frank
Beatrice Drew
Alice Mundell
Lucy Mander
Kathleen (Killigrew) Hake
Floyd Banks

1908

Thomas Michelsen
Julia (Fleck) Griffin

Ralph Wood
Hazel (Lewis) Myrick
Florence Banks
Gertrude (Sweeting) Reeder
Viola Wall
Nettie Kraft
Alice Struebing
William Marquardt
Edna (Carpenter) Covatt
Julia (Peterson) Moberg
Martha (Heck) Rupp
Lillian (Rossow) Hasselbar
Gladys (Mackey) Woods

1909

Henrietta J. Harms
Emily E. Bracken
Deering D. Melin
Lenna L. Peddicord
*Theresa G. (Butts) Halliday
Fred W. Frank
Helen Mackey
Gladys P. (East) Spry
Lizzie Klausen
Lillie (Rose) Scholler
Hattie C. Papka
Margaret (Bullock) Killigrew

1910

Lyda Traeger
Bessie Banks
George Tabbert
Ellwyn Roper
John Killigrew
Ethel (Crockett) Hickman
William Traeger
Mildred (Neef) Scott
Henry Harms
Edna (Sydel) Tree

Edna Traeger
Margret Boldt
George Tree
Beth Swanson

1911

Marguerite Swanson
Isa (Bullock) Jeffries
Emma Gruel
Herbert Hartnup
Alice Larson
Rose (Phillips) Stevens
Carl Lennertz
Elmaida (Johnson) Taylor
Bertha Kraft
Paul Bruebach
Cora (Demmon) Hack
Elsie Rose
Hugo Fifield
Matilda Harms
Edna Borger
Fred Weaver
Alvin Krausse

1912

Doris White
Benjamin Smith
Ruth (Johnson) Thompson
Edith M. Chase
Leon Killigrew
Hazel Halsted
Minnie H. Traeger
Arthur Johnson
Katherine Ramenstein
Mabel E. Traeger
Harold E. Tabbert

Hazel Strom
Lawrence C. Traeger, Jr.
Ella Londenberg
John C. Fleck
Cecil (Martin) Sensenbaugh
Leroy Ramenstein
Bliss Shearer
Gordon Price
Clara B. Mayhak
William A. Fleck

1913

Ruth S. Thompson
Ralph G. Banks
Fred W. Rose
Lightner G. Wilson
Gladys A. Maxwell
Edith E. Ream
Forrest Crisman
Bertha C. Busse
Ralph Kraft
Olive E. Wood
Walfred L. Carlson

1914

Ruth Smith
George White
Loretta Malone
Hazel Stevens
Alice (Sarver) Melin
Edna Scheidt
Dorothy Thomas
Mayne Barnes
Everett Newman
Ethel Halsted
* Deceased.



SENIORS, AND THE PROFESSOR AT HOME

THE SPRAY OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

IT WAS in Normandy. It was also a soft spring twilight and what is more beautiful than a soft spring twilight in Normandy. The fragrance of the apple blossoms floated on the evening breeze and the nightingales were just beginning to trill their sweet notes.

Presently a slim white-robed figure appeared on the broad veranda of Ferndale Manor. It was Daphne Ferndale. She descended the steps and wended her way slowly along the graveled walks of the large old-fashioned gardens. Once she halted and picked a beautiful spray of apple blossoms, then slowly proceeded on her way.

At last she stopped before a vine-covered gate and gazed down a shaded road. One glance at her face showed that she was anxiously awaiting someone.

A flicker of a smile spread over her face as she looked down the road. The cause of this was a stately figure mounted on horseback. As he drew nearer one could see that he wore the uniform of a French army officer. When he reached the gate he stopped, dismounted and doffing his cap as he said hurriedly, "Good evening, Miss Ferndale, you received my letter?"

She nodded her head as she answered, "I did, but Oh, Sir Royal, tell me is he—is he," but she could not say that awful word. He understood her and therefore said, "No, he is not dead, but he is seriously injured and—" he paused. She looked up quickly and said in a low voice, "Sir Royal, keep nothing from me, tell me all." At which he resumed, "But the doctors think he will not live."

She dropped her head on her arms and sobbed, "Ah, Ronald my brother, are you going to leave me too?"

Sir Royal tried to think of something to say but he was at a loss for words, and after a little while she went on, "Oh, this war, this terrible war, why did it have to come and snatch the only one I had to love away from me," and her whole figure shook with passionate, convulsive sobs.

When Sir Royal could stand it no longer he laid his hand on her arm and said hoarsely, "O, Daphne, do not sob like that, I loved Ronald as a brother, but it breaks my heart to see you so grief-stricken. I—" But she raised her lovely tear-stained face and said softly, "I know, but just think, through this terrible war Ronald, my brother,

whom I loved so well, is stricken unto death and you—my best friend, are exposed to its dangers."

A gleam of hope sprang into his eyes. Just then the clear notes of the bugle were heard and he said hastily, "I must go—is there anything you would like me to take Ronald?" She thought a moment, then said, "Here, take this spray of apple blossoms, he always liked them so well."

He took them from her hand, but before he released it he raised it lightly to his lips and when she looked again he was gone.

A soft flush stole over her face, but it quickly became pale and with a stifled cry she fled to the Manor and sought refuge in her room where she cried herself to sleep.

A few days later she received a letter. With trembling hands she broke the seal—it was from Sir Royal, and she read eagerly, "I think Daphne, by the time this reaches you Ronald will be asleep forever"—she covered her face with her hands and moaned, "Ronald, Oh Ronald," then she continued,—"but Daphne, Ronald died an honorable death, one of which any man may be proud. I know with what weight this bears down upon you, but always remember, Daphne, that there lives one who still loves you and always will. I must now answer duty's call, but you will hear from me soon again. Yours ever faithfully,"

Sir Royal Westwater.

A soft flush spread over her face and a tender gleam stole into her sad eyes, but she covered her face with her hands and softly wept.

She heard from Sir Royal from time to time. His letters were brief, but loving and cheerful. As the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months she seemed to somewhat forget her sorrow, but it left its deep stamp on her sweet young face, for another such a lovely, pathetic countenance was hard to find. As the summer waxed and waned she grew paler and thinner and often took long solitary walks for the bracing autumn air.

Oftimes on these lonely walks her thoughts would drift to the distant battlefield where she always saw Sir Ronald at the head of his troops fighting for France. Then she would cover her face with her hands and a shudder crept over her as she thought with dread of what she would do if he too should be killed in the long despairing war. She knew that she loved him and she knew that he loved her.

Autumn changed into winter and the apple boughs on which the blossoms bloomed so beautifully in the Spring were desolate and dreary. By the letters Sir Royal sent she learned that the war was drawing to a close. He spoke of returning in the spring, which she anxiously awaited.

But at last she knew by the budding trees and spring flowers that spring had once more returned to Normandy.

One beautiful evening in late May Daphne again strolled down to the vine-covered gate. It was just a year from that day on which she had learned the awful news and had last seen Sir Royal. As she thought of this again her face grew tender and tears came into her sad eyes.

As she raised her eyes her heart gave a throb of joy, and the next moment she held out both hands to Sir Royal.

He clasped her hands closely within his own, but all he could say was, "Daphne, Oh Daphne." Tears came into her eyes as she said, "Oh, Sir Royal, how can I ever repay you, if you had not helped me when I was in deep sorrow, I believe I would have died."

In answer he drew a faded spray of apple blossoms out of his pocket and murmured, "Give me the giver of this."

She turned her face away, but he caught the glance in her eyes and understood it. There as the twilight deepened and the fragrance of the apple blossoms floated on the evening breeze they knew that something stronger than friendship existed between them.

ELLA ROSSOW, '17.

CLASS WILL



THE Class of 1915 of Hobart High School, being of sound mind, do make and publish this our last will and testament as follows:

FIRST—I, Agnes Lennertz, bequeath my hair bows (and beanx) to Jennie Chester.

SECOND—I, Elnora Carlson, bequeath my musical ability to some Junior who is able to accompany the chorus.

THIRD—I, Marie Scheidt, bequeath my position as Business Manager to any Junior who is looking for work.

FOURTH—I, Frieda Nagel, bequeath my pen to the Bookkeeping class. May this ancient relic long be preserved.

FIFTH—I, Bessie Ols, bequeath my Domestic Science ability to Raymond Wood.

SIXTH—I, Bess Johnson, bequeath my vocal talents to Howard Redding.

SEVENTH—I, Mary Thompson, bequeath my friends to Esther Nelson.

EIGHTH—I, Helen Rose, bequeath my love of a good time, especially dancing, to Algot Nelson.

NINTH—I, Helen Smith, bequeath my "dates" to Ella Rossow.

TENTH—I, Lyda Fulton, bequeath everything I can think of not mentioned in this will to any student who can discover it.

ELEVENTH—We the Senior Class, bequeath to our friends, the Junior class, the privilege of taking Senior Day. To the Sophomores the honor of entertaining the Senior Class of next year. To the Freshman A's our dignity; and to the Freshman Babies, our wisdom and good looks, to attain which they have informed us, is their highest ambition as High School students.

TWELFTH—We hereby appoint Mr. Stoltz executor.

For the Seniors,

Lyda Fulton.

(Miss Roper,
WITNESSES (Miss Gilliland,
(Miss Sykes.

SARAH ANN

IT WAS a very meek sunbeam that found its way through the dusty, dirty windows of a New York tenement house. The window refused to open, so Sarah Ann tugged vigorously at the rags stuffed in the pane. A foul air floated in through the opened space. But even that was greeted with pleasure.

Sarah Ann gave a sigh. What a shame she thought, to have to be shut up in a close room, working all day, when the outside world seemed so lovely. She had secured a job in a down-town restaurant. She struggled into her well worn coat, put on her jaunty cap and went out of the room, closing the door. Down four flights of stairs she went and pushed her way through a crowd of dirty noisy urchins. It was a long way to her work, but Sarah Ann felt very much like walking, that particular May morning.

All day when the people crowded into the small restaurant, the outside world seemed calling her and she longed to run, to let loose that pent up feeling. The crowd grew larger and Sarah Ann's work harder and harder.

She was weary and footsore when, after leaving the restaurant, threaded her way along the crowded streets. The street lights were being lighted and all around her were people hurrying from their work.

Sarah Ann partook of a meagre meal and feeling too tired to do anything else lay down and fell into heavy sleep.

And so the days wore on. The girl's shoulders began to grow bent and weary from overwork. A tired, lonesome expression began to appear on Sarah Ann's face and a far-off look in her eyes.

The whole summer slipped by without even a change in Sarah Ann's daily grind. Before she realized it, one day, standing beside the window she saw soft snow drifting silently out of the sky.

That night when Sarah Ann was through with her work, she went to the cashier's desk to draw her pay. The weary look on the girl's face made an expression of pity cross over that of the cashier's. "Miss Rager, we will no longer need your services," and then, seeing the intense look of dismay on Sarah Ann's face, she hastened to add,

"You see, the customers are growing fewer, but perhaps when spring opens we may be able to take you back." But this was far from comforting to the girl, for what should she do the rest of the winter, she wondered as she went down the lighted streets, with the soft snow falling on her head.

* * * * *

"It was the night before Xmas, and all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

But there was someone up in the library. It was Mr. Roger, the owner of the great house. He sat looking dreamily into the fire. His thoughts flew back to an Xmas night long years ago. The whole house was in confusion, for she was lost, his little daughter, Sarah Ann. Such a search as had been made, but in vain. His thoughts began to waver and become indistinct and when the hall clock struck nine, Mr. Roger was fast asleep.

Out in the street a figure approached the great house. Looking up at the number and then down at the paper in her hand stood Sarah stepping over to the street light read it again. Heading one column was the following inscription—"John G. Roger gives thousands to poor." Then followed an account of his generous offering, his address closed the article.

Up the steps she went and rang the door bell. In answer to her timid inquiry the servant refused to disturb Mr. Roger. "Oh! but please sir, it is very important." After considering a moment the servant let her slip in.

* * * * *

As the twilight came on Xmas day, the shadows danced and played in the library room.

The firelight revealed two forms beside its warm and ruddy glow. Sarah Ann, with her arm around her father's neck was seated on the arm of his chair and together they planned and talked of the bright and hopeful future to come. Sarah Ann had come into her own.

The End.

FLORENCE PIO, '18.

CLASS PROPHECY

Special to "The Hobart Star."

Washington, D. C., May 22, 1920.



RS. Helen Smith Dickson, who has just returned from her honeymoon in Europe, was at home to the members of the class of 1915 of Hobart High School, Friday, May 21, it being the fifth anniversary of their Commencement.

The afternoon was spent in aviating in ships owned by Mrs. Victor Vanderbilt, formerly Miss Helen Rose. Her aerodome is the most up-to-date in the United States.

After a sumptuous dinner the party repaired to the drawing room, where each gave an account of her life since their departure from H. H. S.

Bessie Ols related the interesting facts concerning her work as President of the Central Home Economics College. At present the college has five hundred girls enrolled and is endeavoring to prepare them for efficient housewives.

Miss Elnora Carlson rendered some beautiful piano solos of her own composition. She is now director of the Carlson Orchestra, which has just returned from a tour of the world. They are in great demand, having played at the Coronation of Nicholas III of Russia.

Our hostess was presented with a wonderful painting entitled "Memories," in commemoration of happy days spent on Bales' Island. Mrs. Marie Scheidt Forest, the artist, certainly showed distinguished ability.

Miss Frieda Nagel is now a teacher of violin in Northwestern University, and all were delighted to think that she had come so far to meet her old friends. She played a violin solo accompanied by Miss Carlson.

Mrs. Mary Thompson von Helmholtz gave an interesting discussion on the late war in Europe. She returned recently from the German battlefields as a Red Cross nurse. It was there she first met the wounded General Herr von Helmholtz.

Mrs. Bess Johnson Tellheim, wife of Professor Tellheim of the Berlin Music Conservatory, rendered several beautiful vocal solos. At present Mr. and Mrs. Tellheim are touring America.

Mrs. Agnes Lennertz Garfield, the first woman president of the United States, discussed her reforms concerning the employment of children. Mrs. Garfield has accomplished very much as President. "Woman Suffrage" has proven a help to our country.

Mrs. Lyda Fulton Bonners ended the evening's entertainment by telling of the delightful time she and Dr. Bonners are having in their parish at Boston. It is a new congregation and they are now building one of the most beautiful churches of that city. They enjoy their work immensely and the class feel proud to think that one of their number should do such noble work.

This class has carried out the principle of their motto, "The Past is but the Prelude," for their High School life was but a beginning of good careers.

LYDA FULTON.



Algot, (in Ancient History): "Alexander divided his army and made a fleet a part of it."

Frieda (in Physiology): "Cells multiply by dividing."

Miss Gilliland: "Mr. Thompson, I can't get into your desk."

"Evening callers make morning tardiness."—Isabel.

Canute (in Ancient History): "Alexander went to Africa and was killed there, and finally died."

Mr. Stoltz's definition of a blotter: "A piece of paper you look for while the ink dries."

Bessie (in Civics): "When a man comes to this country he becomes neutralized."

Geneva (History): "Joseph was sold by his brothers. I don't know how many brothers he had, but they sold him."

Margaret T. (in Domestic Science): "Soda water is made from water and carbolic acid."

Grace H.: "The damages settled in his arm."

Clara: "Miss Borger, how many of these Jimson seeds do you have to swallow to die?"

Miss Borger: "Try it and see."

Helen W. (scrubbing the garbage can in Domestic Science: "Miss Borger, should I get in there with the brush?"

Miss Roper: "All good things are three. You all know that three persons are better than two."

Philip: "No, two is a couple, three is a crowd."

Miss Roper: "Aren't you going to take me down to dinner today?"

Raymond: "Why, Miss Roper, this isn't leap year."

Mr. Stoltz: "Think of a three armed man, how many hands he could HOLD."

Mr. Stoltz (to a class of girls): "Every one shall perform his own experiment."

Will G.: "They got together an army and marched down the Mediterranean."

Mr. Stoltz: "Is it a good policy to praise a person while he is living?"

Elmer: "It is better to wait until he is dead."

Algot (in history): "The father split out the beans nine times—but not the same beans."

Mr. Stoltz: "What is polytheism?"

Thelma: "It's the worship of many Gods—No—It's having many wives or husbands."

Marie (in Chemistry, getting excited): "Oh, Mr. Stoltz, look what it has done, what shall we do?"

Mr. Epps (to Billy): "Don't take Elenora any farther than Crown Point."

Miss Roper: "Tell something of Nathaniel Ward's early life."

Theresa: "At the age of seventeen he became a bachelor." (Received a bachelor's degree.

Mr. Stoltz: "Elmer, where do the Greeks come in at?"

Elmer: "They come in the next chapter."

Sophomore: "What is an allegory?"

Freshie: "I don't know, I never seen one."

Mr. Thompson: "What else is vinegar made up of, besides cider?"

Florence: "Apple juice."

Freshie (first day): "Where shall we sit?"

Principal: "Sit on the floor until we get some cradles."

Miss Roper (in Freshman German): "Give opposite of Arm." (meaning Poor).

Laura: "Bein." (meaning leg).

Mr. Thompson: "Why is this called the duck-weed?"

Ralph: "Because it ducks under."

Agnes (giving life of Longfellow): "On his first trip abroad his wife died. This grieved him very much, but, of course he soon married again."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,—It might have been."

And yet—Just suppose:—

Lydia skipped school,
Helen S. went to class on time,
Elnora did not study,
Marie forgot to laugh,
Mary should get her dates mixed,
Helen R. had the blues,
Bess never talked in the halls,
Agnes without a bow (Beaux),
Bessie never teased Frieda.

Seniors: Gently down life's ebbing tide,
"May our vessels smoothly glide,
And anchor, side by side—In Heaven."

Miss Sykes: "How long does an unstriped muscle live?"

Elnora: "Until it dies."

Senior to Freshman: "What animals fall from the sky?"

Freshie: " ? ? ? ! ! ! —"

Senior: "Why, rain dear. (reindeer)."

Lyda: "Mr. Thompson, where does poultry grow?"

Miss Roper (directing chorus): "Father will come to thee soon—
Full."

Mr. Stoltz: "Where is Egypt?"

Ruth M.: "In Europe now."

Mr. S.: "Oh, then they have moved it."

The Seniors have had some very quiet class meetings, although
Mr. Stoltz has visited them occasionally.

Mr. Epps: (in Assembly): "I want to say something before I
begin my talk."

Marie (in Chem. giving Valence table): "Phosphorous, arsenic,
alimony." (Antimony).

Margaret T. (in Botany): "Is sago the same as sage?"

Miss Roper (in Music): "We will begin with, 'Let all the angels
stand'."
Elmer rises.

Mr. Stoltz (to Bess O.): "Do you develop your own pictures?"

Agnes (giving proofs that the earth is round): "The shadow the
earth casts on the moon is spherical."

Miss Roper (in Assembly): "What is the 19th century model of
literature?"

Herbert: "A Ford."

Mary: "Last night I said the whole poem Thanatopsis, in my
sleep."

Helen S.: "Why don't you go to sleep now?"

Talking about the Moon in Reviews:

Mr. T.: "Wasn't it full moon three days ago?"

Frieda: "I know, it was a nice moonlight last night." (How did
she know??)

Helen R.: "We can't practice Basket Ball tonight because they
are going to put horses down in the gym for Farmer's Institute tomor-
row."

Gladys H.: "Horses!!!?"

Helen R.: "Don't get excited. Just the horses for their dinner
tables."

Mr. Thompson: "Name the seasons of Central America."

Frieda: "Rainy and wet seasons."

Miss Sykes: "I'll typewrite your questions for the examination
tomorrow."

Helen S.: (All too willing): "Oh! let me typewrite them, Miss
Sykes."

SCHOOL CALENDAR

September.

8—School opens.

26—Marie swallows a live fly.

30—Explosion in laboratory.

30—Class rings.

October.

7—Seniors decide to have an Annual.

11—Elmer Niksch elected yell master.

15—Literary societies formed.

19—Students journey to Gary. Stung!

20—Athletic parade.

21—Beth Constance White at Auditorium.

22—Everybody is hoarse. Good reason why.

26—Pictures of Chemistry class taken.

November.

- 6—"Private Tutor" given by orchestra.
- 9—Mr. Ripley's students give recital for benefit of orchestra.
- 15—Basket Ball game with Wheeler. Hobart wins.
- 17—Mystery! What happened to Mildred?
- 19—Chemistry class test candy. It was reported to be very good.
- 20—Girls take Manual Training. Boys want Domestic Science. Did they succeed?
- 23—"Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date," given.

December.

- 2—We wanted two weeks Christmas vacation.
- 3—What became of the petition???
- 11—Debate on Woman Suffrage. Girls win.
- 14—Royal Welsh Ladies Chorus.
- 24—Ciceronian Society entertains in Auditorium.
- 24—Vacation.
- 25—Mr. Epps leaves for Pennsylvania.

January, 1915.

- 4—School opens.
- 4—Mr. Epps returns single.
- 11—Mr. Stoltz gives the Chemistry class a recipe for a cake.
- 13—What's all the racket? Freshman B tumbles down the stairs. Ask Mr. Epps.
- 14—Mary overcome in Chemistry, overbalances her chair, likewise herself. The chair is not damaged and Mary survives.
- 15—Semesters.
- 18—Class of green Freshies arrive.
- 22—Essay on Freshmen in assembly.
- 29—Latins entertain Germans at Chester's. Some enjoy a bob ride, others a cutter ride and Mr. Epps a long walk.

February.

- 2—Howard R. enters Senior English to recite Physiology.
- 3—Mr. Stoltz while generating bromine for chemistry breaks the flask. Result—He is taken home badly burned.

4—Mrs. Werner speaks in assembly.

Chemistry and Physics classes enjoy an afternoon at Mr. Stoltz's.

- 5—Domestic Science girls entertain teachers.
- 13—Orion Society entertains Ciceronian Society at Valentine party in Gym.
- 16—Farmer's Institute.
- 18—First night of Declamatory contest.
- 19—Second night of Declamatory contest. Four Seniors get prizes. Rah! Rah! Rah! Seniors.
- 22—Yells for Washington.
- 25—Chem. and Physics classes clean "Sah."
- 26—Mr. Thornburg gives whistling selections in Auditorium.

March.

- 1—Mr. Yerex, from Valparaiso University, speaks on education in assembly.
- 8—Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores begin Library course in Library.
- 23—Seniors have English class on the stairs.
- 27—Election of Philip as yell master for Gary, the previous yell master being a contestant in oratory.
- 31—Senior class have their pictures taken for the Annual.

April.

- 1 and 2—No school! Teachers go to a convention at South Bend.
- 5—Senior Day!
- 7—Mr. Thompson comes to school with his hair in a curl.
- 8—Mabel F. in a runaway while coming to school.
- 9—Lake Co. Oratorical Contest at Gary.
- 12—Seniors begin to have lodge after school as a result of Class Day.
- 15—Stereoptical pictures in assembly.
- 18—Phil Waldeck talks on Autos in assembly.

May.

- 3—Spelling contest.
- 13—Alumni Banquet.
- 15—Junior Reception.
- 18—"The Rivals."
- 19—High School picnic at Lake Michigan.
- 21—Graduation.



JUNIORS

WHEN in your High School course you cease to be a timid Freshman and an all-knowing Sophomore, and have not yet reached the shining star of your ambition, the title of Senior, you must pass through the stage known as a Junior. On the opposite page are the pictures of the members of this illustrious class. We have courageously borne the heaviest burdens of the past school year, for we expect to come into our rightful inheritance next September. We venture to give each of them a brief introduction:

One of our violinists, Lola Barnes, plays in the Orchestra.

Harry Carlson is our president. If any favor is wanted in English, ask Harry.

Jennie Chester, a shark in Latin, is the most studious in our class.

If you feel blue, talk with Theresia Chester; she can spring a joke at any moment.

Gladys Hamann's sweet voice can charm any Sophomore.

The High School soloist is Lillian Keilman whose fame some day will be spread abroad.

Frances McAuliffe joined our class not long ago but we could not do without her.

Myrtle Nelson is fond of dancing and of a certain Sophomore.

Pearl Ols, who comes from Alnsworth, intends to be a "school-ma'am."

Howard Redding must be fond of girls, for he is the only boy among many girls in the Latin and Physiology classes.

Gladys Snyder, the leader in our class, is an accomplished German translator.

Our star in Basket Ball is Florence Strom.

Our artist is Mildred Tabbert who intends to follow this line of work.

If any information is wanted concerning automobiles, ask Philip Waldeck.

Our debater, Isabel White, is a firm believer in woman suffrage.

Myrtle Wild proves the old adage that, "Precious things come wrapped in small packages." We are proud of our representative at Gary.

Raymond Wood, our eloquent orator, won second place in the preliminaries. Raymond handles our money with great care.

There remains the one chosen to speak for the class,

MABEL FULTON, Editor.



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE UP-TO-DATE



SOPHOMORES

WILLIAM Gruel is quiet and slow,
But ranks among the lads who know.

Helen Wild, of our class the pearl,
Is commonly known as the "Little Wild Girl."

This is Algot, our English student,
With whom to argue, it is not prudent.

Geneva Gill here you see,
The brains of the Sophomore Class is she.

Here is Canute, our countryman,
A most efficient artisan.

Wynne is sure to make his way,
For faithful effort wins the day.

Grace, a student of German is she,
For some day she will live in Germany.

Ella is merry and true to the last,
She holds our love and holds it fast.

Here's William, commonly known as Bill,
Down in the shop are works of his skill.

Gladys Flynn would from all care be free,
If she had to study only History.

In Oratory and History, Elmer Niksch,
Is always ready with the Seniors to mix.

Herbert shines in History, a lord,
And comes to school in a little Ford.

Charming is our Elsie Gruel,
The pride and joy of the Hobart School.

Friendly and joyous Ruth is seen
Coming to school in a limousine.

Thelma Fetterer some day will be
Renowned in art and minstrelsy.

Here is John who tills the soil,
And to Hobart High School is ever loyal.

Clara, the class editor, who made these rhymes,
Is good in her studies, and studies good times.

CLARA LINKHART, '17.

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL YELLS

Rifer-rafer, rifer-rafer, rifer-rafer-ram,
Zica-zaca, zica-zaca, zica-zaca-zam;
Binga-laca, binga-laca, biff! boom! bah!
Hobart High School, rah, rah, rah!

Vas iss das? Vas iss das?
Hobart Chorus, das iss vas!
So———? Ya———

1—2—3—4—5—6—7
All Hobart High School's going to heaven,
When they get there they will tell
How all the others went to
Chicka-laca, chicka-laca, chaw! chaw! chaw!

One-a-zip, two-a-zip, three-a-zip-a-zam;
We are from Hobart and we dont give a
Who-a, who-a, who are we? H-O-B-A-R-T;
Chaw, chaw! chaw, chaw, chaw!
Hobart High School, rah, rah, rah!

Wahoo! wahoo! Wahoo! Rip, zip, bazoo!
I yell, I yell for Hobart too!

Hobble-gobble, razzle-dazzle, zip, boom, ah!
Hobart High School, rah, rah, rah!

Gooseberry, raspberry, huckleberry pie
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y
Are we in it? Well I guess!
Hobart High School, yes, yes, yes!

I smiled. You smiled,
We all smiled
For Myrtle Wild!

1—2—3—4—5—6
We're all here for Elmer Niksch,
Will he win it? Well I guess!
Elmer! Elmer! yes, yes, yes!



FRESHMEN A's

ROSEA Bayor is studious; he doesn't like to take the girls home from parties, but for friendship's sake, acts as a John Alden, a la 1915, for his classmate, Jakie. Hosea is going into the furniture business and by his progress in Manual Training is bound to make good. Hosea has enough furniture made with which newlyweds might begin housekeeping comfortably.

Milton Ballantyne, alias Brickly, is treasurer of the class. He is a staunch Scotch lad, a strictly union man, he objects strongly to working longer than fifteen minutes on any study. Next year Milton will turn progressive by discarding his "stand pat" attitude.

Donald Davis, better known as Jakie, is the aforesaid Miles

Standish from Illinois. We have nothing to say against his home state, for we are proud of our acquisition. Donald does not make much dust, but he will be near the top at the finish.

Franklin Fetterer. Behold the president of the class. His nature is a quiet, retiring one, which seeks to lay a soothing hand on troubled waters. In County Make-Believe Contest he won the first prize in oratory, and first over all.

Evelyn Frederick has the distinction of leading her Latin class. She was worthy mayoress of the Maine school in County Make-Believe Contest. Evelyn is from the country, but she is not a "Country girl."

Maybelle Guernsey leads an easy school life because she is absent

most of the time. But Maybelle is a good-natured girl, always ready with a smile. Her pretty curly hair is a dangerous temptation for the other students to curl.

Glen Looker is an earnest faced lad. He has ceased his traveling habits of the first of the year, and has settled down to his work. His spare time is spent in answering advertisements and puzzles, a method he uses for improving his English.

Laura Londenberg, although raised in a hot house, is by no means a tender plant; Lauara is well able to take care of herself, and her teachers have no rest if a lesson is not quite clear. Her horse and buggy are at the disposal of the teachers during school hours, a privilege enjoyed by some.

Grace Murray. No one can accuse Grace of having the audacity to step in front. You can't help liking Grace when you look into those jet black eyes. Next year Grace will overcome her modesty and take her rightful place near the top.

Ralph Melin, by Jinks, is treasurer of the Orion Society, comedian, clown, politician and patriot; Connolisseur in loud ties and noisy socks,—the fashion model of his class. His slogan is, "I should worry."

Esther Nelson, a wizard in mathematics. Her motto,—"A gentle stream is better than a hasty flood." Esther is a progressive, fresh-manistic little hustler; she has not yet succeeded in making one decent enemy.

Myrtle Neef has starred in two of the plays this year. She took part in the preliminary contest and tied with a Senior for third. Myrtle is making good, not only in one, but in all her studies. Myrtle is a credit to her class, a treasure to her friends, and a pride to her teachers.

Dora Owens, our official ray of sunshine,—the sun always shines where Dora is and as the moths hover around a light at night so Dora is always surrounded by a host of classmates. She is admired and loved by all who know her.

Florence Pio is the smallest member of the class, in size only. She was awarded second prize in the preliminary contest. Florence is persevering and bound to win—Good things come in small packages.

Lolita Smith or Pokey, is deserving of her nickname, because she is as slow as the milk train. Incidentally as she plods her way to her goal, she passes wrecks of fast passengers who have come to grief by not slowing up for the corners.

Margaret Tabbert:

Former occupation—bossing the Tabbert family.

Present occupation—bossing her class.

Future occupation—bossing, if she can, whom!

If Margaret ever arrived on time she ought to receive a prize, but her motto is, "Haste makes waste."

DORA OWENS, '18.





FRESHMEN B's

VALEDICTORY



DEAR Parents and Friends:

To-night this class of graduates is assembled for the last time as fellow students. Four years ago we entered High School as a crowd of carefree, chattering Freshmen, but to-night, our Commencement night, we leave as young women, each one ready to fight her own battle of life.

Our four years of training have been both pleasant and profitable to us and we deeply regret to leave our High School days behind; to say farewell to our classmates with whom we have spent so many pleasant hours; to our teachers who have labored so patiently with us and whose teachings will go with us all through life; and to the dear old school building whose walls have protected us for so long a time from the storms of the outside world and have witnessed our struggles and our frolics.

But our High School career is ended and we must begin our life's career with our motto, "The Past is but the Prelude," in mind. The four years of high school that have passed is but a preparation, a prelude in truth, to our real life. The education which we have received has given us a broader view of life and furnished us with a greater confidence in ourselves and with strength to compete with others and attain the goal of our ambition. Though each one of us has to carve out her own destiny, our school life has aided us greatly and given us high ideals for the future.

However, the past is but a small portion of our life, the beginning of our greater work. Before us lies the

future, vague and alluring, the great stage where we shall enact the scenes of the great play of our life. The success of this play depends greatly upon ourselves. With some infinite purpose then in view, we hope to pass safely by the misguiding pathways and, persevering, climb up, up, to the high summit of success.

Now as our Commencement glows brightly, awaiting eagerly and anxiously for what the future holds for us, we bid you all farewell! ELNORA CARLSON.





THE STAGE

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